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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





IN MEMORIAM

—OF—

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

PRESIDENT

—OF THE—

UNITED STATES

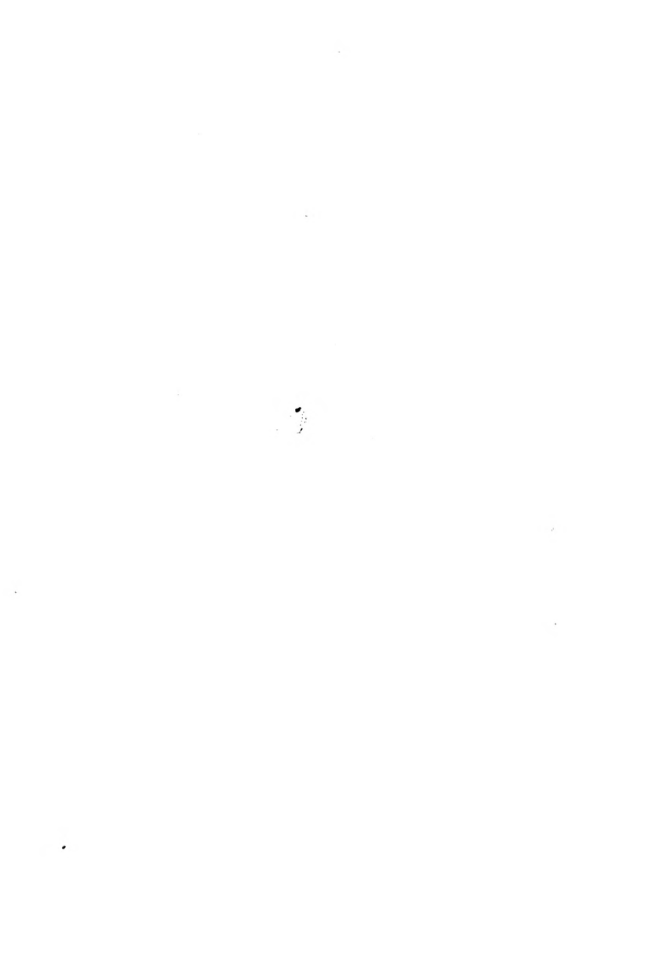
OF AMERICA.

Resurgam.

BY C. S.

“GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.”

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840 Fulton Street.



IN MEMORIAM
—OF—
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
PRESIDENT
—OF THE—
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.
Resurgam.

BY C. S. *Salmon*

“GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.”

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

20th President of the United States.

Born, November 19th, 1831.

Died, September 19th, 1881.

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GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Was shot by the hand of an assassin, July 2d, 1881; died Sept. 19th, 1881.

After eighty days of intense suffering he passed away to that glorious realm of which we can have no conception—but the country has lost a true friend—one whose humanity and christian bearing to all stamped him a man of firm untarnished principles, true to his country, true to his duty; a noble patriot.

The poor wounded sufferer bore his pain with christian fortitude, borne up by his wife and noble mother; they have the sympathy of the world. It appears from the loving, mourning hearts around that every household has lost a friend. The loving sympathy of Her Majesty, the Queen, in sending a wreath to bedeck his funeral bier, touched the hearts of all.

One word to the widowed wife and venerable mother—the heroic husband and true hearted son in whose toils and triumphs you so nobly shared, has not lived and died in vain—his name will forever live in History and in the hearts of humanity.

May God protect his orphaned children and send comfort to the bereaved home.

C. S.



—❖—IN MEMORIAM OF❖—
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

1

Mourn ! mourn ! Columbia ! our President is dead,
From out his mortal coil, his Spirit fled
Up to the bright regions, of the spirit land,
To dwell in love, with Jesus' angel band.

2

Dark was the deed, that laid the victim low ;
Treacherous the hand, that aimed the fatal blow ;
Oh martyred Garfield, martyred in the cause
Of Country, Freedom, and Republic laws.

3

Noble Garfield! thy strong, and stalwart form,
 Long lingered, with the mighty throes of pain.
 Thou would'st have lived, thy mission to fulfill,
 And yet resigned, to do thy Masters will.

4

He winced not, shrank not, from the hand of death
 Remembering the Nation, with his latest breath,
 The patient sufferer bowed to the decree,
 Oh Lord! my Father! do as thou wilt with me.

5

In the dark shadow of death, he lingered long
 While angels were chanting the Redeemer's song.
 Till the flickering life, and conflict was o'er
 And he passed the gates, to the beautiful shore.

6

The Bells tolled sadly, in the hour of night,
 The startled Nations, waking in affright,
 Fire? is it fire? ah! no, 'tis said
 Our noble chief, our President is dead.

From wire to wire the news spread o'er the world
 And every country's flag half mast unfurled ;
 Tears like rain drops, fell in every home,
 From humble hamlet, to the Queenly Throne.

The wife ; and Mother, stricken down with grief,
 The Saviours love alone can give relief,
 Can strengthen them and resignation give,
 Till they at last in heavenly realms shall live.

Millions of Prayers, ascended up on high
 Prayers of love, that Garfield should not die.
 He did not die ; he was taken from the strife,
 And led by Jesus, up to eternal life.

The noble nature of fair Englands Queen,
 In a lovely tribute on his bier was seen.
 It spake more touching eloquence than words could say,
 More sorrowing grief, than gorgeous display.

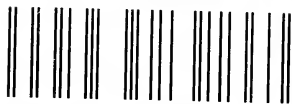
The two great nations, hand in hand should go,
 And every heart in unison should flow.
 All Europe weeps, and mourns Columbia's Chief,
 All Europe weeps, and shares Columbia's grief.

Let justice now be done upon the recreants head;
 Yet stay—ponder well has his reason fled?
 The world cries out for justice, let it be done
 Tempered with mercy, the attribute of One
 Who never erred in all that He has done.

C. S.



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